

Thoroughbreds and Their Tricks

By HENRY V. KING.

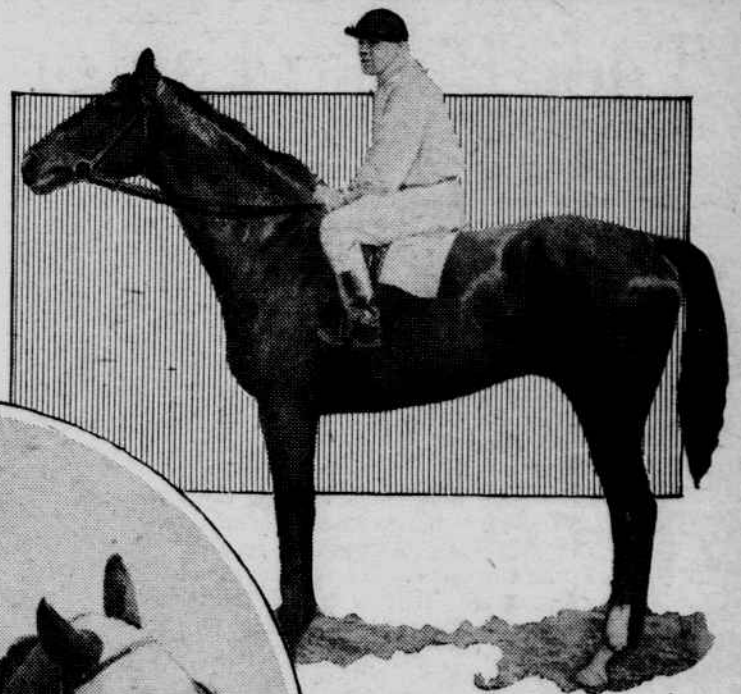
HIS name was Judge Dinney and twenty years ago he was a real good horse. Now he is but a memory to a few old timers and they know him not as the two mile champion of America, but as "that horse of Sandy McNaughton's which we used to call Kellar the Great." Sandy himself, who is training the stable of Mrs. Louise Viau, told us the story of Kellar the Great at Jamaica the other day.

"It was along in his four-year-old days," said Sandy, "that I blistered him for corns and covered his legs with a blue clay and wrapped them in bandages. The clay was sweet and all horses are fond of sweets; they can smell them a mile away. So to prevent him from bending his head below his chest and from eating the clay I rigged him in a cradle and bib. He was tied in his stall and the help were instructed not to remove the bandages and to allow no one near him except at meal times.

"I was particularly interested in Judge Dinney because he was such a good horse and on my arrival at the stable next morning I went directly to his stall. To my great surprise I found the bandages on the floor and the colt's legs as clean as if they had just been washed. There were no signs of the clay.

"I was furious, thinking that some one had disobeyed my instructions and had washed his legs.

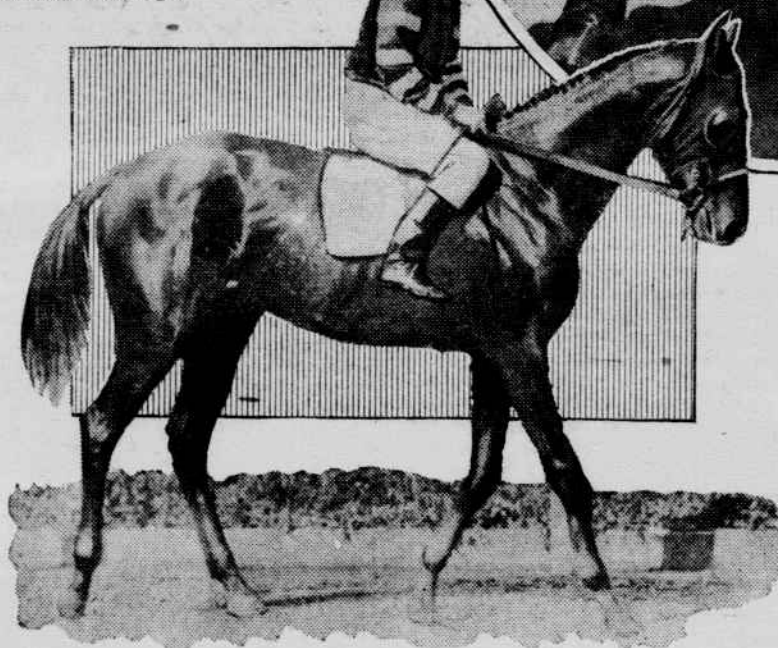
ner. He didn't lick the clay then. He went to work on the other bandage. When this was off he threw himself on his side and rested for about a quarter of an hour. He rolled on his back again and placing his leg to his mouth licked off every speck of



Borrow delights in chasing James Rowe.



The Finn wouldn't work unless cursed into doing so.



Capt. Alcock knows the days when he has to work.

"But every one in the stable denied having touched the colt and all were sure no stranger had been near his stable.

"I then tightened the cradle, rebanded the legs and after warning all hands to keep away from the stall I went to the races. On my return the next morning the bandages were on the floor.

"There was the same profession of ignorance by all hands, but I was certain some one in my employ was disloyal, so after bandaging him for a third time I got another watchman, a man I knew well and in whom I had confidence. I instructed him to watch the other employees and to keep away from Judge Dinney's stall.

"But the same thing occurred each day for a week. Then I decided to play detective. I slipped over to the stable after all the help had retired and with my watchman sneaked into the stall next to Judge Dinney. An hour later I was awakened by a noise. I arose quietly and peeped into the colt's stall. There I saw Judge Dinney doing a contortionist's act. He leaned against his stall, slid down the side of it, rolled over on his back and then with great effort pulled his right leg up to his mouth. I thought he was straining himself and was tempted to stop him, but I decided to see the thing through. He worked on the bandage about ten minutes and finally got it untied. Then he picked it up with his teeth and threw it in a cor-

ner. He repeated this feat with the other leg and then he rolled over and went to sleep."

Jack Joyner, the veteran trainer, after hearing McNaughton's story, said:

"Horses do strange things and strange things happen to them. I know of no more mysterious happening than the cure of Oriflamme.

"In the late 80s Jimmy Rowe gave T. B. Davis, uncle of the present steward of the Jockey Club, the gray colt Oriflamme. The horse was lame and seemed hopelessly crippled, but Mr. Davis believed he would make a good sire and asked me to take him to his farm in West Virginia. He was at Sheepshead Bay, and I was about to move to Washington to race Mr. Davis's string there.

"Oriflamme could scarcely walk. In those days there were no vans and we walked the horses to and from the ferries and railroads. Oriflamme was in such bad shape I sent him on his way to the ferry three hours ahead of the rest of the others, and at that they beat him to the boat. The people along the streets shouted at us that it was cruelty to animals to walk such a lame horse, and it took four men to get him on the boat and half a dozen to put him on the train.

"When we reached Washington I expected much trouble and loss of time. But to my surprise Oriflamme walked out of that car without a sign of lameness. I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. I ques-

tioned all my help, but all declared they hadn't been near him. I walked him around the block near the station half a dozen times. Still there was no signs of lameness. Then I galloped him and he wanted to run away.

"Mr. Davis had seen him before he started South and was sure he was a hopeless cripple. I wrote to him about the miracle and asked permission to train him. He wrote back that I was crazy, but that I could do as I wanted. So I put the colt in training and he won twelve straight races and defeated the immortal Firenze in the Fordham Handicap.

"And I had dreamed the result of the Fordham. I told Rowe about it the day before the race, and he told me that I was going coo-coo. But the race was run as I had dreamed it, and Oriflamme was the winner."

It was now up to Rowe, dean of the horsemen and trainer for Harry Payne Whitney, and he obliged with some recollections.

"Borrow is a shrewd fellow," he said, "He hates me and also Marshall who used to exercise him. If he could catch us he'd kill us, sure. Although he has been retired for several years he still remembers that we used to make him work and if ever there was a thoroughbred which detested work he was the one. If either of us attempts to cross the field in which he is loafing at Brookdale he will chase us to kick out our brains if we don't get out of his way. He has made me hustle many times. To escape him I often ran fifty yards to a fence in record time.

"He was as cunning as a fox when he was in training, too. He used to lose sleep so he wouldn't have to work. In all the years I had him I never saw him sleep and the night watchman used to report to me regularly that he was awake every time they entered the stable. Several times I let him escape work because I believed he hadn't slept.

"One day I concealed a groom in the stall next to his. When the help left the stable Borrow laid down and slept like all the other horses. But he slept like the hoboos—with one eye open. Just as soon as a watchman entered the stable Borrow woke up, jumped to his feet and began munching hay. When the watchman passed he'd lie down again and have an-

other snooze. After we learned his trick I worked him every workday and he hasn't forgiven me or Marshall yet.

"Chicle was a foxy fellow, too. He had bad feet and when in training it was necessary to put them in buckets of healing water every night. We did that every night for months but got no results. The same lotion had healed other horses' feet and I couldn't understand why this fellow's didn't improve. Every time I went to his stall his feet were in the buckets and the employees reported the same thing.

"Finally I became convinced he was fooling me and I 'planted' a negro near his stall. The lad found out quickly why his feet didn't respond to my treatment. As soon as any one would come near his stall he stuck his feet into the buckets and as soon as they'd leave he'd take them out again. I cured him by strapping the buckets to his feet and making him stand in them all night.

"Greenfeaf did the same stunt on me but we caught him when he pulled a 'bone.' His front feet were sore and were placed in buckets of water but like Chicle he used to take them out as soon as he was sure no one was watching him. One day while he was munching hay the door opened suddenly and he put his two hind legs in the buckets instead of his sore front ones."

Billy Shields tells the story of Logan which could not stand the sight of a uniform. This aversion cost the railroad companies hundreds of dollars and earned for the colt the sobriquet, "Hustler's Delight."

Now, a hustler is a shiftless fellow, who follows racing from one track to another. He is usually an ex-stableman and just as happy with a dime in his pocket as on the rare occasions that bring a windfall.

When racing shifted from one track to another, a dozen hustlers would watch for Logan. When he was placed in his car they would scamper aboard and hurry to his stall. He was as kind and docile as a kitten with them but no one with a uniform could come within ten feet of him. All the conductors on the horse trains knew him and feared him. They never went near his car with the result that the hustlers rode without buying tickets.

Jim Fitzsimmons says he has a cunning and intelligent horse in Captain Alcock.

"Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are his work days and he knows them as well as I know them," said Fitzsimmons. "If a storm or heavy track should make it necessary to postpone his work he seems to anticipate it and delight in it. On his off days when he has only a gallop, he returns full of vim and without urging. But on work days he cuts up like a broncho. It is only by use of another horse and the hardest kind of urging, plus plenty of whip, that I can get him to the starting post. On some mornings all the whips in the country won't make him do his best. We get him to the post and started but

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